

I asked if there was a  
problem and he just told  
me to be patient.  
I asked him nervously  
if I was to be  
sent to some other place.  
he shook his head.  
I asked him when I'd be  
let in, when I could  
see God, there were  
a lot of questions I  
had.  
he told me to have a  
seat, that everything  
would be worked out  
shortly.  
I did what he said and  
began thumbing idly  
through a magazine.  
Gabriel got on the phone  
again and then disappeared.  
after what seemed like an  
eternity he came back  
and mumbled something to me.  
I asked him to repeat what  
he'd said but just as he did  
I felt a sucking sensation  
through my body and heard  
a loud POP!  
I awoke in my death clothes,  
the stink of days still on me,  
disappointed to be back.

#### DANIEL

down there in the den  
with all those lions and  
all i could think  
about was a nice fat  
roast beef sandwich  
and a beer, and to this day i am  
still unsure why God spared me.  
we have discussed it but  
He just tells me, "I liked you  
Daniel," and i guess



that  
has to be enough. when  
i met those three brothers  
also spared from a similar  
yet different fate, they  
said they got the  
same answer.  
it's good to be liked by God  
it seems. since then, on this  
circuit, the tours and speeches,  
and conventions,  
i tell people what God told me  
and they find it hard to believe.  
they ask,  
"what did you pray in the den?"  
i tell them,  
"nothing, i thought of roast beef  
and beer."  
they ask,  
"what did you promise God in  
return for your life?"  
again i say,  
"nothing, He chose to save me  
based on some simple design."  
"then what is your advice  
to us?" they plead.  
"i have none, i know  
not the mind of God."  
i have nothing more to tell  
them.  
the promoters are tired of my  
vague answers and inability  
to perform miraculous feats,  
attendance is starting to wane,  
soon i'm sure  
i'll have to look for other  
work, not having a trade or  
education this will be hard.  
maybe a deli owner, or a lion  
tamer, or insurance like  
my father.

—Mark Begley

Fresno, CA